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THE WATCH TOWER

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THE WATCH TOWER

Published Quarterly by the Students of Rock Island High School

VOLUME VII

MARCH 1916

NUMBER 3

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Gift

1/27/95

Young Women's New Spring Fashions are Here in Great Plenty

First of all, as regards suits, the things which every young woman chooses first of all.

We have plenty of the new black and white and vari-colored checks so much in fashion, but we are especially well supplied with navy and black serges, gabardines and poplins—all moderately priced. Then there are the more fancifull models of silk, and silk and wool combined.

Then come the tailored serge and checked dresses for school, shopping and general hard wear—usually in navy, black and brown.

When dresses are in fashion, top coats are a necessity, and here are general utility coats which can be worn at almost any hour.

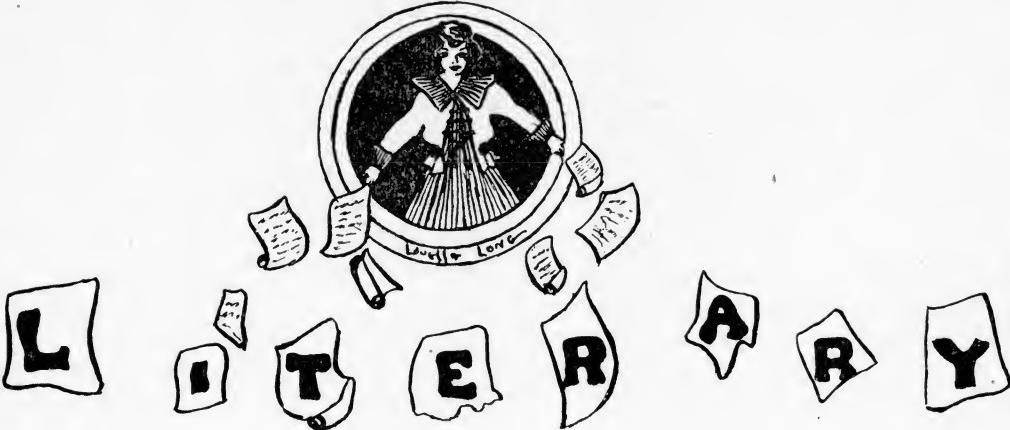
Among them are short waisted and loose flaring styles and lots of others in the various wanted materials.

In a word, we are ready to provide the entire spring outfit of the girl from 14 to 20.

In the Men's Wear Section

Are hundreds of new spring styles in spring and summer negligee shirts; stunning Easter neckwear; silk, fibre and sheer cotton hose, atheletie and other light weight underwear; in fact all the accessories so necessary to the new spring and summer outfit.

L.S. McCabe & Co.
ROCK ISLAND, ILL. THIRD AVENUE THROUGH TO SECOND



The Bigger Prize.

AGATHA PEDERSEN, '19.



T was a warm day in September, the sun shone down on a world of beauty and happiness. The leaves on the trees were turning red, yellow, and brown; the grass was like a soft carpet under one's feet.

The first day of school was at hand. Chattering groups of boys and girls were swarming the halls of the large high school. A queer looking girl was walking up and down and up and down the hall looking at everything and everyone. It was quite apparent that this was her first day at such a school. She was rather pretty in her odd way. Her hair hung in one long braid down her back, her sparkling brown eyes seemed to see into the depths of one's soul. Small hands, rough from farm work, were being clasped and unclasped in her nervousness.

"She looks as if she might have come out of the ark," one girl laughingly remarked. And indeed it was almost the truth. One would not hesitate to say that the long black skirt she wore might have belonged to her grandmother or even her great grandmother. An extremely tight fitting jacket was worn over a white waist. She was intently watching a group of girls standing near her who, unknown

to her, were giggling at her odd dress and manner.

"She is from the country, I imagine," smiled Dorothy Rexford.

Betty Brown, for this was the girl's name, came along side of them in time to hear this remark. Eager to get into conversation with someone she said, "Yes, I am, and isn't this the swellest school?"

The girls all laughed at this remark, but Dot stepped up to Betty saying, "I'll show you around the school, if you like."

"Like it? Why that would be just grand," said Betty almost unable to believe her good fortune.

"Oh, come on Dot, whispered one of the girls, leave her alone and she'll soon get on to our ways, besides, everyone will laugh at you."

Dorothy blushed with shame to think that one of her chums could make so unkind a remark. She took Betty's arm and proceeded to show her about the building.

Betty was snubbed by everyone except Dorothy and it would have been a very hard winter for her, if it had not been for her friend. Betty felt it and was at loss to discover the cause. Why should she be treated with less respect than the other girls? And Dorothy, too, was losing

some of the love and friendship of the other girls. One day Betty accidentally overheard a conversation between two of Dorothy's friends. "I can't see what Dot sees in her," said one.

"Betty is so queer," said the other, "and Dot is not only kind and good to her, but she seems to really enjoy being with her."

"Well," replied the other, "let her go with Betty, we'll let her alone."

The girls moved on and Betty heard no more, but she had certainly heard enough. Dorothy was giving up the friendship of some of the most popular girls in school for her. And what was she giving up by going with Dorothy? Not a thing! She must do something for Dorothy. After several minutes of deep reflection she decided that there was nothing that she could do now, but that she would keep her eyes wide open so when the chance presented itself she could immediately grasp it.

All through the long winter the girls had parties. They asked Dorothy, but never seemed to know that Betty existed. Betty would not allow her friend to stay away. Nevertheless, only Betty knew how deeply she was wounded.

In May her class decided to have a picnic. So the first nice Saturday the boys who owned cars called for the boys and girls. There were three large cars full of laughing, chattering boys and girls. Three of the girls' mothers had been asked to go with them. Betty and Dorothy were in the middle car. They rode way out into the country, at last they stopped before a large old brick house. The bricks were all crumbling and falling down. It looked as if no one had lived there for years and years. The house was almost covered by vines.

"It's a haunted house," whispered Betty. They all laughed and in a moment all

were on the large piazza. One of the boys looked in.

"Come on, we'll go in and explore," said one of the braver ones. Finally, each one summoned up all the courage he possessed and went in. They spent almost two hours going from one room to another. They ate their lunch on the lawn of the house and started for home.

"Hasn't this been a glorious day?" Betty asked Dorothy on the way home.

"Yes, and I think they treated you cordially, too," answered Dorothy.

"Yes," responded Betty, but she did not add that although they treated her cordially they made her understand that she was not one of them.

One month before the close of school the principal announced that there was to be a prize story contest. On the last day of school the prize was to be given to the boy or girl writing the best story. The stories were to be handed in one week before the close of school.

Of course everyone was eager to win the prize and all worked hard on their stories. The teacher of each English class was to choose the one who submitted the best story to her to enter the contest.

Betty and Dorothy were chosen from their respective classes. Dorothy asked Betty to read her story. "See what you think of it, Betty," and Dorothy laughed as she handed the neatly written pages to Betty.

Being left alone so much of the time Betty had had much more time to devote to the writing of her story than Dorothy had. Her mind, untrained as it was, was able to see that her story far surpassed Dorothy's in every way. Dorothy and Dorothy's folks wanted her to have the prize so much. Who cared whether she, Betty Brown, got the prize or not? No one except herself. Should she do it? Look what Dorothy had done for her! Perhaps, if she won the prize, the girls

would like her. Dorothy had given up the girls for her, could she not give up the prize for Dorothy? Yes, she could and would!

It was one week before the close of school and all the stories had been handed in. It was the night Betty had chosen to carry out her plans.

Near the high school one could have seen a girl's figure come walking quickly and with light steps up to a low window of the school. She tried the window and it was locked. Creeping over to the gym window, she found that it was unlocked and open. The coach had forgotten to put it down. Opening it wide, she climbed in onto the balcony around the gym and crept along until she came to the door, unlocking it with a master key she had gotten from her brother, she stepped into the hall going directly to the principal's office and unlocking this door, too, she went into the room. In a moment she was at the drawer where all the stories were, and, had it open. Through the window the moon was shining in and she could see as well as if it were day. The papers signed distinctly "Betty Brown" were easily found. Betty took them over to a table and drew from her pocket the bottle of ink she had carried from home and put an ugly blot on two of the carefully written pages. She had successfully fulfilled her promise to herself. Betty put everything back as she had found it, relocked the doors and found her way out into the street. Her cheeks were aglow with excitement. She kept saying over and over, "I have done it, I've done it."

The day came for the prize to be given. The papers were handed back to those who had written them. Then the principal said, "I am very happy to award the prize to Dorothy Rexford. Dorothy, please step forward and receive your prize."

Dorothy's cheeks deepened to dark pink as she stepped forward. Afterwards all her friends praised her, but when she and Betty were alone she burst into tears. "Betty, how could you?" she faltered.

"Could what?" asked Betty.

"Why, if you hadn't had those blots on your paper you would have gotten the prize. Why didn't you copy those pages over?"

"Didn't have time," she cheerfully fibbed. In her heart she was rejoicing because she knew that her story *was* the best and she had given the prize up for her friend.

Dorothy said nothing, but one glance at her face told that she did not believe it.

One day a short time after this Dorothy had invited the girls over to her house for the afternoon. "Girls," she suddenly broke out, "Betty is an angel. Her story would have gotten the prize if it hadn't been for those two blots. I just know she put them there on purpose just so I could have the prize. If you don't call that an act of a true friend—" Dorothy paused.

The girls sat spellbound. Had Betty, the girl they thought so queer and had snubbed done this for her friend? How many of them could do anything like that? Finally one girl spoke, "I think Betty Brown has proved herself the best friend a girl ever had and the brightest and best girl in the whole high school."

"Yes, yes, that's what we think," cried the rest of the girls, "and we are so sorry we snubbed her. Dot, too, is a good, true friend. Three cheers for Dot and Betty." The girls then turned to Betty and asked her to forgive them and to be their friend.

"Forgive you? Why I have nothing to forgive, dear friends, and I think I have won the bigger price," and tears of happiness stood in Betty's bright eyes.

There Is No Place Like Home!

UNKNOWN.



T was a quiet morning in late September. The chill of fall had not yet set in, so John Andrews sat lazily puffing at his cornpipe in a chair on the front porch. John Andrews was the laziest man in the community. A thin curl of pale blue wood-smoke rose reluctantly from the chimney, announcing that the fire needed "fixin'". The incomprehensive John puffed thoughtfully at his pipe. Suddenly the door of the kitchen banged open and his spouse emerged in a cloud of steam. Her face was flushed from the heat and steam of the washtubs.

"John! go git some wood," she demanded, with a ring of determination in her voice.

"Git it yourself," replied her "better half" gazing unconcernedly at the landscape.

"Say! now you lookie here, John Andrews. Do you think for a minute I'll stand for you loafing around here forever and not even so much as git wood t' heat th' water that washes th' clothes what gits th' victuals yuh eat? Not for a minute! Now yuh either git th' wood or git out of here! And don't yuh dare t' come back until yuh git th' wood," exclaimed the infuriated bread winner of the Andrews family, shaking her head and water-shrunk fingers in emphasis.

"If yuh think I can't git along without yuh, you're durn badly mistaken Mrs. Andrews," he drawled, "and as fer stayin' 'round here I'm not a carin' th' least if I do or not." There was an unusual note in his voice also, but the Mrs. was firm.

"Yuh heard what I said, either git wood or git out," she fired back. Mr. Andrews

went into the house, collected his few clothes, and left.

Well of all things! where did he get the ambition? Could he really be going? Yes, he must be for he had disappeared 'round the turn far down the road.

Months came and went and the "self-dependent" Mr. Andrews was not heard from. Mrs. Andrews still took in washings and chopped her own wood. The only change that had taken place was that the once continuous admirer of the front porch and shady places was no more to be seen. Several years passed and he was no more spoken of, except in an occasional musing of some of the gossips of the community.

One quiet morning, four years after the departure of the lazy Mr. Andrews, a thin curl of pale blue wood-smoke rose reluctantly from the chimney, announcing that the fire needed "fixin'." The hard working Mrs. Andrews, bent over the tub, paid no attention to the steady chuck-chuck-chuck of an ax in the woodshed. The kitchen door opened, and in walked the now comprehensive Mr. Andrews with an enormous armful of wood. He laid it down behind the stove.

"What are we going to have for dinner, Maggie?" he asked timidly, just as if he had been home for dinner every day for the last four years.

"I was goin' t' have cold meat and taters, but," she replied, reaching into a deep pocket of her skirt, "here's a quarter. Go git some steak. I guess we can afford it to-day."

As he obediently went out, a look of peaceful satisfaction came over her face. Only she, and she alone, would ever know how much joy the prodigal's return had brought to her.

"A Woman's Way."



WOMAN can always "bring a man to time." But very few do it as cleverly as did Mrs. Robinson. And this is how she did it: "My dear," Mr. Robinson said, as he pushed his chair back from the supper table, "I don't know what in the world put the idea into your head that those radiators need changing."

"I know that they are perfectly good as far as the material in them goes, but you must remember that the world has advanced a little during the past decade, John Robinson. And the men that put them in were not on to their job. Why, they stand out about a foot and a half from the wall! Think of all that wasted space. And high! I am sure they are a foot higher than most radiators. Besides I want that long, low kind that runs along under a window like those Mrs. Brown has."

"But ours are just the right height for me to put my feet on when I read."

"Maybe. Yet think of the space wasted. Besides that foot and a half that I spoke of, if the radiators ran under windows, we would have a good yard of wall space in each room that we have'nt got now."

"Well, what good would that do?"

"We could use the radiators for window seats. And then in the living room we would have space enough for that new book case you have wanted so long. There now."

"I tell you I think it nonsense, I will not pay to have it done."

"Perhaps you won't" she said, as the door closed firmly behind her husband.

"Perhaps you won't" she repeated with set lips, "but I will, if I have to earn the money to pay for them myself."

So the next day she ordered them. And two weeks later they were delivered. Mrs. Robinson had them put in the barn. But the sight of those eight, long, low radiators and one glance at the bill almost broke

her resolve. But she determined to see the thing through.

Mr. Robinson, however, had forgotten all about his wife's "new fad." When he sat down at the table that noon he little thought of the pitfalls that were just ahead.

"Don't you think that women are extravagant now days?" Mrs. Robinson remarked.

"What makes you think that?" he asked with an amused smile.

"That Mrs. Krell just bought a new oriental rug for her parlor. And you know the salary her husband gets!"

"I feel for him! Guess we'd better have a charity ball to help him out, eh, sweetheart? Still, it's his pie."

"Well, I've done something worse than that," his wife answered.

"Good heavens, what now?"

"I bought a pipe organ."

"A what?"

"A pipe organ!"

"A *pipe organ?*"

"Yes, a pipe organ!"

"Well, of the fool things that is the fool'est! What on earth did you want with a pipe organ?"

"I thought we needed it, so I bought it and had it charged to you. Come on and see it. But let me warn you, Mr. Man, it cost a terrible lot."

No answer. The silence made her tremble. Still there was a smile on her face as she led her angry husband toward the barn. Then she flung the door wide, disclosing to his view eight, long, low radiators.

The relief was too great. He laughed and laughed until he had to gasp for breath.

"Please, let me keep them," she begged, "I want them so."

"Oh! you women," he teased, but the twinkle in his eye betrayed his surrender.

THE WATCH TOWER

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Your Share.

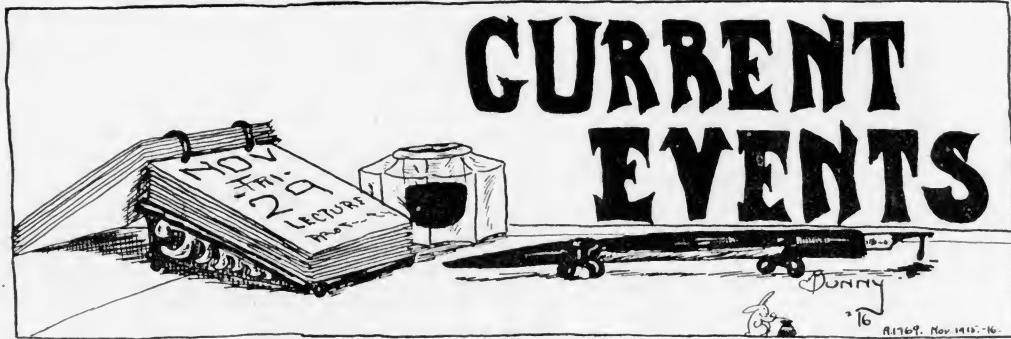
VEN before the last issue of the WATCH TOWER was published we were working on the Annual. Now to edit the Annual, which is a complete review of the school activities for the year, is a very difficult undertaking indeed. Very few, if any, of the students not on the staff realize how great a task it is. And the hardest part about it is to get the pictures. Did you ever stop to count up how many pictures are in the Annual? There are the pictures of the classes, the faculty, the Seniors, organizations and teams. We know that you want to help put out this next paper; so we are going to ask you to work on our hardest job—pictures. Get your picture taken when you are told. Hand in snapshots of yourself or your friends. Realizing that you want to know what to do for the Annual, we have taken this opportunity of telling you just what would help us most in making this 1916 Annual worth while.

A Success.

When we first heard that the old system of seven periods a day was to be changed to one of eight, perhaps we didn't like the way it sounded. It may be that we did not care to have our noon hour cut in two. But that was before we tried it out. Now, after having practiced the new program for a quarter we would not go back to the old seven period day. Why? Well, for one thing we find that it saves time. A study period or a recitation fifth or sixth does away with that long, useless, tiresome hour and a half between the morning and the afternoon sessions. Then it is so much better to come at nine than at eight. And we still get out at three. Who hesitates then to say that the new system is a success?

"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine."

The task that is nearest is not always the easiest. In fact it is more often the hardest to get to work on. We are so liable to think what we would do if we were in So-and-So's place and in doing that forget or neglect what is waiting for us to do. At the time a stitch dropped may not make a great difference, but in a few months, say at the end of the quarter, it becomes a very noticeable mistake. Then why drop the stitch in the first place? It must be picked up later or it will cause more trouble than you are looking for. A dropped stitch does not pay. Can you afford to spend your time and energies on a thing that doesn't pay? And there are so many things that would pay you interest if you were but willing to pay the price.



A Musical Club Program.

On Wednesday, January 19, Mrs. J. B. Lachner, accompanied by Miss Mae Culton of the Rock Island Musical Club, sang "The Happy Song" by Del Ries and "She Stoops to Conquer" by Boeckel. An orchestra from the Musical Club trained by Miss Gest, gave Haydn's "Children's Symphony." Among the instruments used were bells, bird whistles, and tambourins. Needless to say the program was greatly enjoyed by the students.

The Sophomore Steamer Party.

Ship ahoy! Gigantic submarine in sight! Attack on good ship "1918". Heavy bombardment. A dozen lives lost. Gallant rescue by a friendly cruiser under the command of Captain Brown.

"What can it all mean? Did it really happen?"

"Yes, indeed, every bit of it. And just think, all in one huge gigantic arena — the Manual Arts Building."

"Yes, but who were the heroes?"

"Why, stupid, don't you know? The children in the class 1918 of the Rock Island High School."

All too true. A crew of 150 Sophomores sailed from the Manual Arts dock, on the evening of January 21 at 8 P. M., and the great Steamer Party was on.

Naturally all were gay and frolicsome. All steamer chairs were thrown over board as the good ship left the dock, and every one joined in the steamship games of sand bag, ring toss, and shuffleboard.

"Avast, there you stewards," shrilly

cried a worthy Sophomore from the distance — "Haul out the eats. All lay to for the big feed."

Strangely enough the bold lad's command was carried out. The big feed consisted of "hot dog," pretzels, pickles, orange cider and turkish paste, truly a menu fit for a king.

Again the crew took up its frolicsome bits of nonsense and one of the grandest confetti squabbles ever witnessed was then staged. This exhibition was followed by a grand march, led by Captain E. G. Fisher and Second Mate A. J. Burton. Yes, all was joyful and — — Halt! Who goes there? What was that? A huge submarine in armor. Horrors! The ship attacked! Intense excitement, tremendous uproar. But see! Another ship approacheth. Ah! The American flag! Oh joy! It frightened the luckless submarine away and saved the good ship "1918".

"But who was the brave Captain who so timely saved the good ship from destruction?"

"Why, silly, that was Captain "Bus" Brown, who during the past two years has been the faithful and loyal commander of the dauntless cruiser, the "Sophs."

For his valiant deed "Bus" was presented with the Iron Cross by the Second Mate, A. J. Burton.

Thus ended the delightful cruise of the steamer "1918" and the ship arrived safe and sound in the "Harbor of Good Fellowship" at 11:30 P. M. on that wonderful night.

*The Misses Griswolds and
Mrs. Goldsmith.*

In General Assembly, January 26th, the Misses Frances and Grace Griswold rendered a violin and piano duet and Mrs. Joseph Goldsmith gave a reading. We wish to thank the Rock Island Musical Club for sending its representatives to us every two weeks. It tends to cultivate in the students of R. I. H. S. an appreciation of good entertainment.

Election of Officers.

Owing to an oversight, the Student Body of R. I. H. S. did not organize last spring.

As it was necessary to provide some method of presenting the literary honors to the participants in debates, oratorical, and declamatory contests, etc., an election was held and the following were chosen from the school at large as officers of The Associated Students:

President—Edgar James.

Vice President—Margaret Dibbern.

Secretary—Elizabeth Olmsted.

Treasurer—Harry Lyford.

The Tri-City Declamatory Contest.

The Tri-City Declamatory Contest was a big success even though we received third place. We won from Davenport here by one point, but in the final counting Davenport was first and Moline second. Our contestants were Dorothy Algie, Aline Martin, and Dora Daly at Rock Island; Laura Holcomb, Charlotte Huesing and Margaret Underhill at Moline.

In the preliminaries, Aline Martin was chosen to represent us in the "Big Eight."

Miss McEniry and Miss Sheldon.

February 16th, Miss Bessie McEniry and Miss Josephine Sheldon, representing the Rock Island Musical Club, gave the following program in General Assembly:

Voice—a. A Rose Rhyme.....*Salter*
b. Naughty Little Clock. *De Koven*

Miss McEniry

Piano—a. Scotch Poem*McDowall*
b. March Wind*McDowall*
Miss Sheldon

The "Big Eight" Girl's Declamation Contest.

In the "Big Eight" Girl's Declamation Contest, our contestant, Aline Martin, won third place, receiving a bronze medal. Frances Schultze of Davenport received the gold medal and Violet Walters of Geneseo was awarded the silver medal.

The following program was given:

"Canto Amaroso"	<i>Elman</i>
Frances Rhoads, Violin	
"Scenes from 'The Bishop's Carriage'"	Gladys Anderson, Moline
"The Song and the Man"	Grace Clarke, Kewanee
"The Master's Violin"	Gyneth Hunt, Princeton
"India"	Ada Cluts, Canton
"The Sign of the Cross"	Aline Martin, Rock Island
"The Littlest Rebel"	Edna Ranney, Galesburg
"Bobby Shaftoe"	Evelyn Richey, Monmouth
"Jean Valjean and the Bishop"	Frances Schultze, Davenport
"How They Built the Church at Kehoe's Bar"	Violet Walter, Geneseo

An informal reception was given after the contest in honor of the visiting schools. Light refreshments were served and all had a most enjoyable time.

The Dinner Dance.

The dinner dance, which was given by the Senior class at the Rock Island Club on February 23d, was a decided success. When the guests had assembled, a five course dinner was served at small tables in the main dining room. After the "eats", Edgar James, toastmaster, called upon Mr. Burton, Robert Olmsted, and Lewis Saulpaugh for speeches. Then the party adjourned to the dance hall and parlors where several delightful hours were spent in dancing and playing games. The music for the occasion was furnished by the Criterion orchestra.

PERSONALS



Neva Jenks, '15, visited R. I. H. S., January 25th.

January 26th, Una Sodergren entertained a number of Sophomore girls at her home. The party was to celebrate Una's birthday.

February 2nd, our Milan students were called home. The Rock River bridge was believed to be in danger from the ice and high water. However, the water went down and we welcomed our "Milanites" back the next morning.

Because of the large number of new students brought in by the new semester, there has been an addition to our faculty. Miss Acker, History and English, and Mr. Ferguson, Mathematics — are now "in our midst."

Early this semester, Miss Sturgeon suffered a serious fall and was absent for a week. Mr. Jones of Augustana substituted for her.

Not long ago the "Who's Who" of the Junior class had a meeting in the WATCH TOWER office to decide on the particulars of their annual class party to be held in the near future.

Wednesday, the 9th of February, Ross Cline and Marshall Newton, both of '15, were seen in our halls.

Friday, February 11th, a crowd of our Sophomore and Junior friends had a "bob-party" after which they went to the home of Myrtle Jens, where dancing was enjoyed for the rest of the evening.

Tuesday, the 14th, three couples, stu-

dents of R. I. H. S., attended a dinner dance at the Black Hawk.

The Senior boys basketball team entertained the girl's basketball team at a theatre party at the Columbia. This dissipation was, perhaps, in celebration of the double (?) championship.

Miss Julia Marshall entertained the members of the Q. P. club at a six o'clock dinner at her home, February 17th. A new member, Leona Vanatta, was taken into the club. During the evening, progressive hearts was played. The prize of high score going to Elizabeth Swisher and low to Dulce Seeley.

Mrs. W. L. Gansert entertained ten Junior girls, members of the Holy Child Gild, at a Valentine party, February 14th. The house was decorated with red carnations, smilax, and hearts. The prizes for high score at the respective tables fell to Marion Stoddard, Ada Young, Alice Ullemeyer, and Elizabeth Swisher. Supper was served at four tables.

The Junior class has chartered the G. W. Hill for May 29th. Everyone knows what the Junior excursions of the past years have been and this year the Juniors promise to have it bigger and better than it has ever been before. Its success depends not only on the members of the Junior class, but upon every individual in the school. Everybody buy a ticket and go. Juniors, see that everyone is asked to buy a ticket. They are 50 cents. Remember! The 29th of May!

ATHLETICS



Girl's Tournament.

FIRST NIGHT.

In the Senior-Freshman game, the Seniors forged into the lead, after a few preliminary breaks at the basket, and kept up the work. The Freshman guards were unequal to the pace set by the Senior forwards, but, nevertheless, put up a good fight, and were frequently applauded when they managed to keep the Seniors from scoring for a few moments. Evelyn Hudson made seven out of the eight points. The Glasco-Eckhart faction, playing its second year together, sneaked the sphere through the hoop for 46 points.

The Sophomore-Junior game resulted in a 6—6 tie, and the tie was not played off because of the inability of some of the players, particularly Junior guards, to continue. The tie, which was settled the night of the Faculty-high school game, resulted in favor of the Juniors.

SECOND NIGHT.

The week between the date of the first and second series of the tourney only served to increase the ardence of the fans.

The Senior-Sophomore clash was the opener of the second night of the tourney. Though the Seniors obtained 35 points in the half-hour of play, and the Sophs only 5, yet the game was fairly even. The Sophomore forwards, could do

much trying at the basket, but rarely caged the ball, while the Senior forwards though having a comparatively easy time at the first part of the game, had difficulty in the latter part in getting shots at the basket, Marguerite Morrison proving to be an excellent guard. Glaseo and Eckhart did the usual work, while Frieda Nuessli and Norma Wiggers for the Sophs showed promise of future greatness.

The second tilt between the Juniors and the Freshmen was hard fought, but the two years extra experience of the Juniors, put the Freshies in the shadow, while the Juniors came in the bright light with the 1—3 score. "Mel" Carlson and "Lou" Jens at forwards for the winners were a good pair and very effective in scoring. Evelyn Hudson again proved the pivot of the Freshies' aggregation, both in scoring and floor work. Orville Whisler, her running mate at forward, also aided with points.

THIRD NIGHT.

After a very hard struggle, the Sophs put the Freshies in the cold storage cellar in the opener of the last night of the tourney. The Freshies started strong, and the work of Evelyn Hudson was the feature of that team's resistance to the Sophs' point-getters. The first half ended 8—4.

The second period saw much faster play. The Freshies did not succeed in

getting a point, and the Sophs fell before the attack of the first year guards, getting only three points.

Championship Game.

No dopester would have dared predict that the outcome of the Junior-Senior game would be 42—1, or any score near that overwhelming. But that was the score, Seniors 42, Juniors 1.

The opening five minutes were very evenly played, the Seniors' reputed scoring machine not starting, but the score stood 16—1 at the end of the half. 26 points were scored in the second half by the Seniors, while the Juniors had to be contented with a 0. "Mel" Carlson and "Lou" Jens played well at forward for the losers, but "Jean" Riddell and Frances Rhoads were equal to hold them to no baskets. Honors were about evenly divided in the middle between Beth Emery and "Tib" Babcock. Alberta Glasco succeeded in getting 12 field baskets and Evelyn Eekhart obtained 7.

WEST LIBERTY 28. ROCK ISLAND 47.

The first game against another secondary school was played on the "Y" floor with West Liberty furnishing the opposition. The first half was the slowest and poorest exhibition of basketball seen around this town for some time as the West Liberty team played in circles around the locals in team-work and at the beginning of the game started on a scoring jaunt. Rock Island fought poorly but managed to forge ahead in the latter part of the half and the score stood 22—16.

In the second half the game speeded up a trifle. The Tabor brothers at forwards did most of the scoring, the rest of the team contributing occasionally to the points. The game ended 47—28. Brown and Watters starred for West Liberty, while Al and Ed Tabor did the best work

for the locals. Barker played good team-work.

DAVENPORT 32. ROCK ISLAND 29.

The local "Y" Gym was crowded almost to capacity in expectation of a fast game between the Davenport and Rock Island fives. All saw a very fast game, though the people from this side of the creek were naturally a little downhearted at the result 32—29 in the Pretzelites favor.

Davenport secured an early lead, but the local team soon started putting the ball through the hoop too, and the play became faster. Davenport lost a man early for personal fouls. The end of the half saw the score 15—13 in Davenport's favor.

Rock Island started in a rush the second half and in a few minutes was but one point behind Davenport. Ackley, Dempsey and Al Tabor played brilliant ball, while Fort and the Makeevers for Germantown did some very fine teamwork and basket shooting. Throughout most of the last half, Davenport was one or three points ahead, one side scoring a field basket and then the other. It was a game long to be remembered, and kept the spectators on their feet most of the last half.

GALESBURG 30. ROCK ISLAND 38.

In past years Galesburg has furnished some mighty stiff opposition for Rock Island. This year was no exception. In the game, January 14, Rock Island came away with the large end of a 38—30 score, after a sensational game. The Galesburg boys were slowed up in their team-work by the small floor, occasionally putting in some good licks, however. Dempsey went on the warpath after points, getting eight field baskets. Holmes, Briggs and Smith, Captain, did all of the heavy work for Galesburg.

CAMBRIDGE 23. ROCK ISLAND 53.

Ten men were taken on the trip to Cambridge, Jan. 28. The first team was used to start the game. Barker and A. Taber running up a big score, aided by their mates, the Cambridge chalker having 29—3 at the end of the half. The gym had a slowing effect on the locals' work, being of the "cracker-box" variety. In the second period Coach Anderson removed one at a time all of the first string men and put in the subs. This left the locals at a disadvantage, for one hardly knew the men on his own team, or the man he was to guard. Cambridge made 20 this half, while Rock Island made 24.

KEWANEE 24. ROCK ISLAND 40.

Rock Island made the Tri-City trip a double loss for the boys from the boiler-factory city, Kewanee being defeated by Moline on Friday, and by the locals on Saturday. The visiting team was the heavier, and used as a whole better teamwork, but were poor on caging the sphe-roid. After the first few minutes of play, the game became rough, both sides entering into the spirit of give and take. The two Tabers at forward worked well together in passing, and Al seemed to be the only one not affected by the general slump. Rock Island led 21—12 at the end of the first half.

Kewanee made a spurt in the last half, leading in the period's score until the last five minutes of the game when Al Taber made several long shots, the same kind that the boiler-makers had been getting, so the game ended 40—24.

Captain Bradbury and Tesch were the Kewanee stars. The Taber brothers did the brilliant work for the locals.

DAVENPORT 29. ROCK ISLAND 26.

The second game with Davenport was played on their floor, Feb. 2. Rock Island was left in the rear the first half, 23—15.

The locals had the south basket, which is not rigid, during this half, the basket and banking board being on a standard. The ball on hitting the banking board would generally wobble the basket so that the ball would fall out instead of in. The game was practically a repetition of the former contest this year and very even. The second half, with the locals at the good basket, saw a change in the outlook of the game. The Tabers at forward played a whirling game, "Al" doing a large share of the floor work and making his share of the points, while "Red" lived up to the reputation of the family in long shots. Davenport had hard luck at shooting baskets, and played a defensive game, getting but few points. Again, Fort and the Meekiever brothers did their big share of the work, Abrahamson doing some fine guarding. Aekley, Heimbeck, and Huber at guard deserve great credit. Barker played well at center, having hard luck on baskets. The final score was 29—26 in the Pretzelites' favor, again a three-point lead, as in the first game over here.

FACULTY 22. SCHOOL 72.

The Athletic department of this paper does not feel that it can do full justice to the two teams in writing up the annual (farce practice) game between the Profs and the undergraduates. Sufficient for a prologue to say that but few of the students playing had any of the faculty for teachers, so the game was a rough, give and take. In the cases where a student ran up against his teacher, marked attention was shown (by the student).

Captain Oetenhagen of the faculty collected together his all star team of Anderson, Robb, Starr, Musselman, Adams, Tagg, and himself. The regulars went against their five and for the first part of the half an even game was promised. In spite of their more mature years, the faculty became exhausted under the strain.

During the latter part of the half the Taber family broke loose for the school. At the end of the half the score stood 34—2.

The fresh subs were shifted against the rested faculty for the second half and the game became rougher. Diving for the ball was common and frequently the opponents would run half of the length of the floor holding each other. The faculty scored 20 points this half (34 minutes by the clock), while the school garnered 38, totalling a 72—22 victory for them. The suggestion that the clash be made a weekly affair was received with groans by the Profs. However, they put up a fine fight, and enjoyed the game immensely.

MOLINE 32. ROCK ISLAND 34.

Perhaps there have been a few high school games closer than that between Moline and Rock Island on their gym floor the night after the Aledo game. Rock Island was minus the services of Ackley, who had been injured, and this, coupled with the fact that Moline was on their own floor, looked like sure defeat for the Islander tossers.

However, we obtained an early lead, which was held throughout the first half, though it was never big enough to put the game "on ice" as the score stood 14—10 at the whistle. With the opening of the second half it appeared as if the tide had turned, for Moline obtained ten points before Rock Island found the hoop. The locals slowly overcame the lead of the Swedes and, at the final whistle, were leading 34—32.

ALEDO 21. ROCK ISLAND 33.

The locals played the Aledo High School five on the William and Vashti floor at Aledo, Feb. 11. Good competition was expected. The playing floor was large and speeded up the game to quite an extent. The Islanders obtained an early lead, and

at the end of the first half led 18—10. The score for the second half was 15—11, Aledo, speeding up this half and taking advantage of the local guards, attempting to run the floor. Henderson made the majority of their points, getting eight, while "Slump" Dempsey for Rock Island had his basket eye working, and made a goodly share of our 33 points. Al Taber played a fine floor game, as did Barker.

Tournament Games.

GENESEO 22. ROCK ISLAND 39.

Rock Island went to the Northwestern District Basketball Tournament at Knox College gym, Galesburg, with the best record of any of the teams represented there, having defeated Moline, Galesburg, and Kewanee, three of the best entered. Monmouth was the only team of which there was any doubt.

The first game was played against Geneseo, Friday afternoon. No doubts were entertained as to the result of the game, as Moline had beaten the Geneseo troupe 60—15, but the Islanders, playing in bad form, had but a 20—10 lead for the first half. The second period did not prove much better, Taber being the only one of the team to play anywhere near the usual standard. The final score was 39—22, which sent Geneseo home.

MACOMB 18. ROCK ISLAND 35.

Macomb had beaten Annawan, and won the right to compete against the locals in the second game Saturday morning. Macomb had one man who was feared by the locals, Tucker, who played at forward. He lived up to his reputation, and was the mainstay of the Normal School City's team. Rock Island was over the slump of the previous day, and played in fine form. The passing was short and sharp, and the open shots rarely missed.

With a lead of 29—10 for the first half, the locals took their time. A new ball was

put on the floor, and was very live, disconcerting both teams. After about half of the half was finished, Coach Acten-hagen shifted the whole second string aggregation in. 35—18 was the final score, and set Macomb to packing their belongings for a return to "Home, Sweet Home."

Semi-finals.

MOLINE 30. ROCK ISLAND 22.

Moline had played the fast, heavy Kewanee team in the morning, and had been roughly handled. Rock Island was probably in the better shape, physically, but the slump of the day before again came to tread on their heels. Moline was at her best, and the close, hot atmosphere of the gym did not slow them up to any extent. In the stands, the sentiment was strongly in favor of Rock Island. As the Galesburg and Kewanee teams, having been ousted by the Plow Boys, set their supporters in favor of Rock Island.

The first half was entirely in Moline's favor. They outplayed the Islanders in every stage, securing a 10 point head during this half, 18—8. The period of rest allowed the teams was well used by the coach in pepping up the team, with the result that the locals came back peped up. While they did not outclass Moline as much as they had been outclassed in the first period, nevertheless the score for the half was 14—12 in the local's favor. Taber, captain, played a game which won him a place on the all district team,— nuff said. Dempsey, Ackley, and Heimbeck also played well, Heimbeck being mentioned for guard on the second team. But 30—22 told Rock Island to "pack up."

Moline won the final against Monmouth in the evening, 34—19, still keeping up the fast pace. Wiederquist, around whom all of their plays were built, was given all district center, Taber of Rock Island and

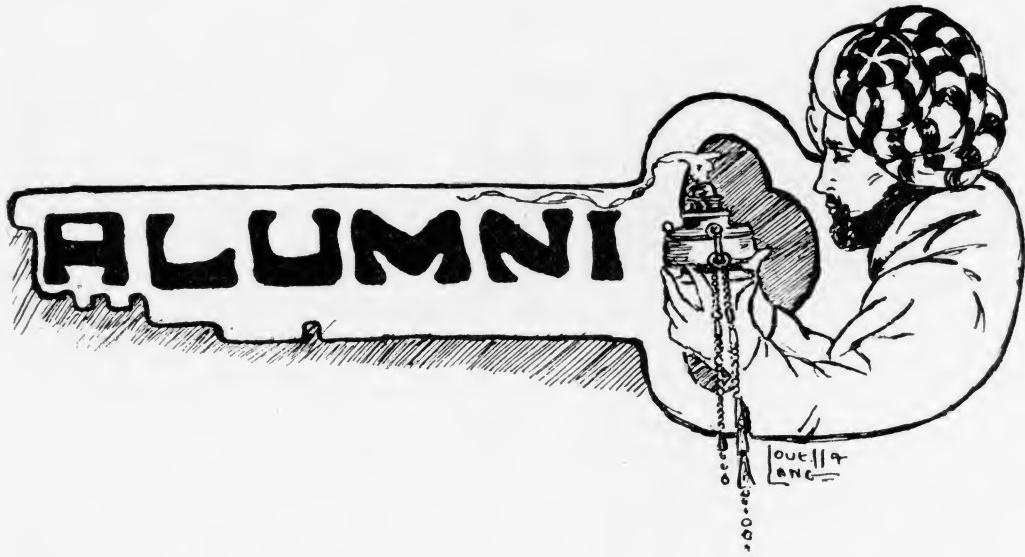
Graham of Monmouth, forwards, Nelson of Galesburg and Tesch of Kewanee, guards. A word about the local man on that team; a Knox College official said that Taber's floor works were some of the slickest he had ever seen.

MOLINE 40. ROCK ISLAND 30.

The third and last game with Moline, March 4, was played on the Rock Island Y. M. C. A. floor, and gave Moline the edge on the Tri-City Championship, for she again defeated us, this time 40—30, round numbers. The records of the two teams were just the opposite. The Islanders hit a fast pace early in the season, and the strain was commencing to show in every one of the men. Moline, on the other hand, made a poor start, and has been hitting but the high spots lately.

Rock Island led in scoring, but Moline soon overcame the lead, and ended the half 20—13 in their favor. In the second period, too, Rock Island put the ball through the netting first, but again Moline came back. Rock Island was shown up in team work by the Implement City team, as Moline worked the ball in under her basket frequently. Her guards, too, scored by long shots. Welsh and Ludwick played the star games for Moline, Wiederquist's playing appearing of the medium sort compared to Ackley's, who guarded the Moline star to three baskets, making three himself. Ackley completely outclassed a man whom Moline's official in the District tournament said is one of the best players that has ever been on an Illinois high school floor.

Taber, though still playing a brilliant floor game, lost his basket eye at some time during the game. Dempsey made more field baskets than any other of the Rock Island players.



1881.

"While spending the Christmas holidays in Rock Island, I chanced to read a copy of the WATCH TOWER. The Alumni letters interested me and I am now adding my greetings to those of my fellow 'grads.'

"I am still strong for R. I. H. S. Crimson and Gold are still my favorite colors. Sometimes I hear of the successes and achievements of the students of to-day and it gives me a feeling of both pride and sorrow. I am proud of whatever a student of R. I. H. S. accomplishes and I am sorry that my time to do those things has passed.

"I am no longer young, but my memory still serves me. Well do I remember my high school days, the happiest of my life. I recall with amusement my struggles with Latin and my despair with mathematics. I remember perfectly what a satisfied sensation I used to have when I thought I had 'bluffed' the teacher. I distinctly recollect my quaking heart and shaking knees when I went forward to get my diploma. You students of to-day have felt and will feel this way.

"I am not going to sign my name to this letter. To tell the truth, I fear it may not be up to modern standards, but I want to take this opportunity to tell all the graduates of '81 that there is one member of

their class who still remembers each and everyone of them and who always thinks of them with a feeling of love and sincere regard.

"Likewise, I take this opportunity to say to the students of to-day: Don't forget your high school chums. They are your closest friends and the ones who count. Don't let anything break up your present friendship. Distance makes no difference, time makes no difference. Always keep your high school friendships and your memories.

"ONE OF EIGHTY-ONE."

CLASS OF 1907.

"Clayton Shinstrom, our president, has been in a bank at Redman, Washington, since his graduation from Grinnell.

"Stewart Marquis is an instructor in the University of Iowa.

"Ralph McManus is a journalist at Ottumwa, Iowa.

"Will Barth is an attorney-at-law here in this city.

"Dorothy Pleasants, Julia Melchoir, Julie Eckhart, and Grace Wood are teachers in the city schools.

"Dorothy Chamberlin is an assistant at the Public Library.

"Mary Streeper completed her course at the National Kindergarten College in Chi-

cago and now has a private kindergarten here.

"Jessie Whiteside is a graduate of the Pestalozzi-Froebel School of Kindergarten and is engaged in that work in Moline.

"Otto Jahns is the owner of a fruit ranch near Venatchee, Wash.

"Faye Taylor has been in the United States Navy for the past three years and since August, 1915, has been located in Haiti.

"John Schneider has the drug store at 2700 7th avenue.

"Bertha Bulger Maxwell is living at Bayard, Iowa.

"Nina Munger Erford's home is in Peoria.

"Henrietta Kinner Fox is residing in Detroit where her husband, Harry Fox, is in the automobile business.

"Charles Montgomery and Mrs. Gertrude Valk Montgomery live in this city.

"Gertrude Briggs Reinert is also at home here.

"Frank Young and Earle Bowlby are both located in Chicago.

"Myrtle Summers is completing her course at Northwestern this year.

"Roy Hanson is studying at Illinois.

"Of course, these are only a few names from our class roll and we hope that at some later time we may have items of news concerning many of the others.

"BERYL TITTERINGTON."

1902.

"I am very glad to write a letter in behalf of the Class of 1902. I remember my high school days very well. 'Twas in my time that the building burned and the classes took refuge for a time in the Sunday-school rooms of the Broadway church and the basement rooms of Lincoln School. But 'variety is the spice of life,' and we enjoyed our sojourn there. However sorry we were to see our old school building burn, we rejoiced to see the new, roomy one go up.

"The members of the class are somewhat scattered, of course, but I still keep in touch with most of them and can say that one and all are doing good in the world and are proving true to the ideals of '02.

"B., '02."

1911.

William "Bill" Empke, '11, married Miss Lulu Boulden of Lafayette, Ind., Feb. 19. Empke graduated from the college at Kalamazoo, Mich., in 1914 and is now an instructor in the industrial arts in the grade schools of Lafayette.

1908.

Arthur Schoessel, '08, married Miss Elsie Knorr of this city, Feb. 23. The groom is a graduate of the University of Illinois, class of '13.

1915.

"After several months of good intentions, I sit down to actually *write* my letter for the Alumni department. It may be that I am not a worthy Alumna, because I have seemed hesitant about my duty.

"You may be interested to know that I am attending the Stout Institute. This school specializes only in the departments of Home Economics and Manual Training with the aim that all graduates become teachers in these branches. This training school for teachers requires two years of work, and it is work, too. At present, the second semester, I am carrying seven subjects.

"But don't think I am working myself pale and thin, for the interest of my course as well as the fun connected with school life, make up for the extra amount of study required; so you, WATCH TOWER readers, will find out for yourselves when you go away to college.

"With the best wishes to the pupils and teachers of Rock Island High School,

"FLOSSIE HULL.

"P. S. Would some knowing person please inform me why Mr. Achtenhagen's name happened to be carved on the back of a chair in the sewing room of the Stout Institute?"



The Orange and Black, Hanover, Pa., is a very interesting monthly. The literary department, especially, is to be commended.

Young Wife: "Our maid has very sharp ears because our doors are scratched all around the keyholes."—*Orange and Black*.

The Virginian, Maury High School, Norfolk, Va., is a well balanced paper. Your literary department is very unusual for a high school paper. We should not think, however, that the serious essays contained in it would be of much interest to the student body as a whole.

Teacher: "Why did you laugh aloud?"

Student: "I didn't mean to. I laughed up my sleeve and didn't know it had a hole at the elbow."—*The Virginian*.

We are glad to welcome as a new exchange *The Principian* from the Principia, St. Louis, Mo. The paper is well managed and very interesting. The joke department is fine.

Teacher: "What are you doing in here this period?"

Student: "I'm waiting for the next."—*The Principian*.

The Opinion, Peoria, Ill., is one of the finest exchanges we receive. The literary department is delightful and your jokes are really and truly funny. Your staff deserves much credit.

Boy: "My breathing is boyish."

Doc: "What do you mean?"

Boy: "It comes in short pants."—*The Opinion*.

The Purple and Gray, Burlington, Ia., is published twice a month. What there is of your paper is very good, but why not have a little more? An exchange department for instance.

Teacher: "What is the difference between Miss and Mrs.?"

Student: "Mister."—*Purple and Gray*.

The Bulletin, Davenport, Ia., is a monthly of which any school could be proud. The Bone Yard is, as ever, very original, and the athletic department is energetic and interesting.

Little Miss Muffet
Thought she would rough it
Alone on a barbarous shore.
A Cannibal spied her
And yelled, "An outsider."
She's now an outsider no more.

—*The Bulletin*.

The Western Courier, Macomb, Ill., is a spicy, interesting paper. The cartoons are clever and the Konfidential Korner well worked out.

The Lord loveth he who bluffeth.—*Western Courier*.

The Verdurette, Aledo, Ill., is a neat, well arranged newspaper. The material is of a good, live quality.



We editors may dig and think,
Till our fingertips are sore,
But some poor sap-head's sure to say,
"Aw, I've heard that joke before."

Student of Miss Grady's: "Does F. O. B. mean freight on board or just Fords on board?"

Miss Ballard: "'Aggravate' does not mean to irritate but to increase or intensify. Miss Benson, please give us a sentence illustrating this."

Rozella: "This snow aggravated about one inch."

Miss Thompson in assigning a lesson for the next day: "Be sure and get inscribed and circumscribed circles straight."

Miss Ballard: "How do you account for the somber cast of the Teutonic mind in the 8th century?"

Ben Sperbeck (aside): "They didn't have any Charles Chaplin then."

Mr. Robb: "Well, Leland, you only talked one minute instead of three, and then you didn't say anything."

Lee Dempsey: "I lost my paper."

Mr. Robb: "Oh, that's it! Thank you. I thought you had lost your mind."

Latin teacher: "What derivative have we from dalcedine?"

L. Gross: "Dulufy."

L. T.: "Have we no other?"
Frazier: "Dulce Seely."

First you think of history, then basket ball, then which nickel show is the best, what to wear to the party, then about history, with the result that your mental condition is heterogeneous hash.

Miss Rush: "What was the first thing the Pilgrims did when the Mayflower landed at Plymouth?"

A. Allen: "Got off the boat."

1st Student: "What's that noise coming down the hall?"

2nd Student: "Oh! That's just Lee Dempsey and that Scotch plaid rag he wears for a shirt."

Miss Rush: "Where did Roger Williams go when he was banished from the colony?"

Pinky: "To the woods."

Dorothy Bassett was making an awful noise and Ruth Soady asked her what the trouble was. Dorothy replied, "I scream soda."

Willie McCombs: "Gee, I just swallowed a spoon."

Little Philip: "Well, what of it?"

Bill: "But I can hardly stir to-day, isn't it funny?" Continued on page 22.



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Sometime before April 8th, go to Smith's, the photographer, 19th street and 3rd avenue, and have your picture taken. In a few days time after this Mr. Smith will give you two proofs. Select the one which does you the least injustice, return it to Mr. Smith and pay him before April 8th. If this is not done by this date, the picture will not go into the Annual.

Final Warning!

Mr. Burton (assigning seats alphabetically in Assembly): "Mrs. Eastman, did any bees (B's) get into this row?"

Richard Dopp, hunting for a good looking map in the library, said in passing Louis Saulpaugh: "Nope, won't do, too much mountain(?)".

Miss B.: "How was iron discovered?"
Lou Jens: "Papa says they smelt it."

Louis Wilson: "Why is it that Cupid is always hanging around the high school?"

Scoop Vernon: "I don't know, but the worst trouble with him is he always Mrs. whoever he hits."

"Ain't afraid of roarin' li-ons,
Ain't afraid of bats,
Ain't afraid of ele-phant-s,
Ain't afraid of rats,
Ain't afraid af snarlin' dogs,
Ain't afraid of squirrels,
Ain't afraid of guine-a-pigs,
But I'm scared to death of girls."

HARRY BURGH LYFORD.

Freshie in Ciceronian: "Why do Art Dodson and John Gustafson close their eyes when they sing?"

Knowing Junior: "Because, son, they hate to see anyone suffer."

No JOKE.

Junior Excursion, May 29, 1916. Don't forget this date.

Beth Emery: "Leland, I think baseball is unsanitary, don't you?"

Lee Dempsey: "Why so?"

B. E.: "Why because there are so many flies in it?"

Dutch Kuehl: "Virginia, that smile that infests your face is quite dangerous. Don't you realize it?"

Virginia Patten: "Why so?"

Dutch: "When it lights up your face it is liable to explode the powder."

Sing a song of street cars,
Seats all full mit chaps,
Four and twenty ladies
Hanging by der straps,
Ven der door was opened,
Men began to read
All der advertisements
About new breakfast feed.

"17."

Freshie: "Look how green this water is."

Junior: "Hush, child, somebody may hear you. It's only the reflection of your face."

Freshie: "Please, sir, what is a soak?"

Junior: "A soak is a fellow that doesn't subscribe for his school paper, but sponges on his neighbor."

A GEOMETRICAL THEOREM.

Proposition: You have a girl. You love her.

To Prove: That she loves you.

Proof: All the world loves a lover,
She is all the world to you.
Therefore she loves yon.

A watch has a face but it hasn't any head;
At match has a head but it hasn't any face;
A tongue has a coat but it hasn't any pants;
A dog pants while running, but hasn't any coat;
You don't have to lead a horse,
But a pencil must be led.

"ECONOMICS."

John Ringgold: "Mr. Robb, do you mean to say that I could get anything I want?"

Mr. Robb: "Yes, if you want it bad enough."

John Ringgold: "What if I wanted Myra Robbins?"

This space would have been filled with a joke if you had "dropped" one in now and then.

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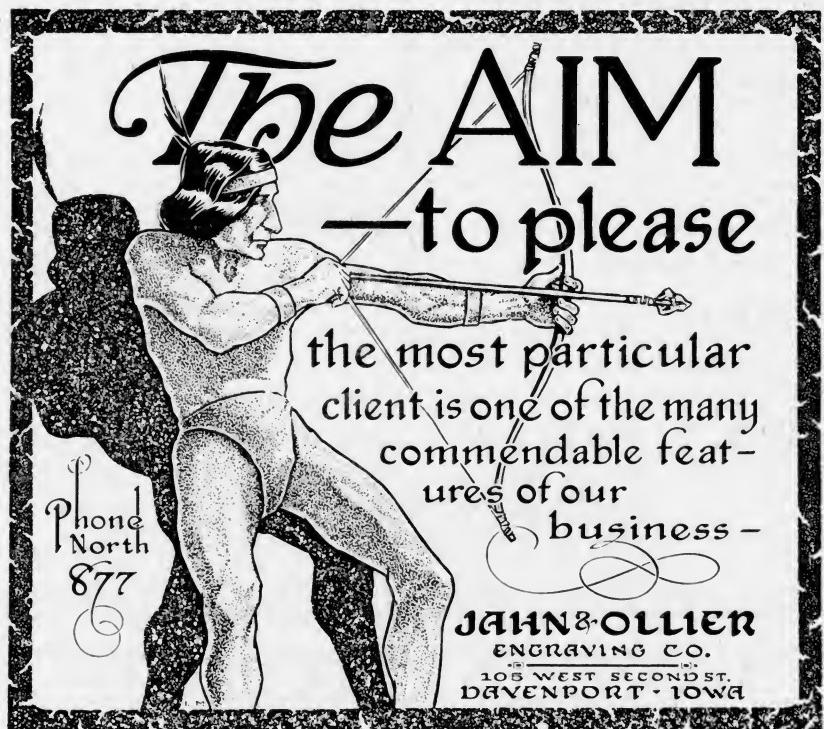
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